Feed the Baby What It Wants

By Dr. Woods Hutchinson.

A BABY knows when he wants to eat and is provided with an excellent and most musical apparatus for conveying that fact to your apprehension. He knows what he wants, and will reject vigorously what doesn't suit him. And you may be sure that he knows far better than most adults when he has had enough.

This faculty is present from his very earliest appearance upon the stage of life. During the first three days of his existence the healthy baby cries but little and sleeps almost constantly; and we have now discovered that during this period he not only requires no food, but is better off without it. He is still digesting and living upon the nourishment in his blood derived from the veins of his mother, and until that process is completed, food in his little stomach is a foreign body. In fact, the impression that colic or colickiness in a baby is a natural characteristic is chiefly due to the senseless insistence of officious nurses and anxious mothers upon crowding things into the baby's stomach during his first three days. There is another clear indication on the part of Nature of this fact, if we had only been open minded enough to see it, in that there is no natural supply of nourishment for the child until the close of these three days. The horrible things that are poked into the unfortunate baby's mouth in order to correct this stupid oversight on the part of Nature and keep it from starving to death would almost stagger credulity.

His faculty of knowing what he wants in the way of food is equally to be trusted. He is largely a creature of circumstances here, and if what he really likes doesn't happen to be offered him, he of course can indicate no preference for it. He vastly prefers Nature's own source of nourishment, and is a thousand times justified in his preference. Nature has taken a quarter of a million years fitting a cow's milk to grow not a baby, but a calf, and a mother's milk to grow a baby, and we cannot expect to completely reverse the process in one generation. Not only is the natural supply a far better food, but it is infinitely freer from risks of contamination and the conveyance of disease.—Woman's Home Companion.

Railroad Regulation

By William Jennings Bryan.

IS it not time to ascertain what railroads are worth—to find out through state and national bodies just what they are worth? They claim to be so much of a public institution as to borrow a right of eminent domain from the state. We want a reasonable rate; we want to stop the issuance of watered stock and to stop fictitious capitalization. I used to be called a dangerous man, a man trying to destroy property rights. Now it is seen that the destroyers of property are the manipulators who rob stockholders. These are the men who by their wickedness have brought odium on honest wealth. In the interest of the widow and the orphan I demand that the stock of railroads be built on an honest basis. Some are always talking of the sacredness of property rights. Man comes first and property afterward. You can't protect property rights by destroying human rights. It is time for the small business man to come out from those with whom he has been associated and fight against predatory wealth.

Railroad rates should be so reduced as to give a reasonable return on honest capitalization. I should define such a rate as one that would keep the stock at par on an honest capitalization. That would allow local business conditions to determine how large the rate should be. The time has come when we shall recognize another honest purchaser, not the innocent purchaser of stock—he can find out if the stock is good. I mean the innocent purchaser of land along a railroad, whose right to a reasonable rate on his product is as sacred as the right of the stockholder to a reasonable dividend.

Dame Nature's Part

How the Production of Monsters Is Kept Down

By Gordon Kelso.

THE discussion on "mismating" is enough to provoke a smile on the face of Nature. That estimable dame has her little hobbies the same as the rest of us, and her pet fad being the maintenance of the average she accomplishes her purpose by making extremes meet whenever they appear. The vast majority of tall men, for instance, mate with women of medium height or under, and the tall women (except in comparatively few cases, about the medium height for a man) marries a man of her own height or slightly beneath it, and there is overproduction of neither giants nor dwarfs.

But this principle governs individual selection not only through anatomy but through temperament and mentality as well. The grouch marries the angel because he needs her in his business, and the good natured, easy going, mañana type of man marries a woman whose motto is "No backward step" and who stands constantly on guard at his spinal column to see that he doesn't sneak in a couple when she isn't looking.

The individual of "purely speculative" tendencies, already mentioned in this discussion, simply conformed to this law, whether he knows it or not, when he picked out a "purely practical" wife. She is his ballast, and in all probability if he threw her overboard he'd perish of starvation between the clouds and the stars.

I know just such another couple, and perhaps a little incident from their experience will illustrate the interdependence that exists in such a match better than any abstract argufyin' can. They were walking along the street one clear, cold night last winter. The beauties of the sky thrilled him.

"How wonderful the stars are," he remarked.

"Yes," she replied, her eyes on the sidewalk, "but you'd better not step on that ice."

She clipped his wings but she saved his neck.

The Side That Wasn't Red.

Policeman (to tenant of flat)—And you say the rug was stolen from your hall. Can you give me any particulars of it?

Tenant (nervously)—Oh, yes. It was a fancy reversible rug—red on one side and green on the other.

Policeman (impressively)—Ah—and which was the green side?—Punch.

A $5,000,000 fence was recently erected in Australia to keep the rabbits out of the agricutural district.

Topsy Turvy.

"I have something novel in the way of a melodrama."

"State your case."

"The blacksmith is a rascal, while the banker is as honest as the day is long!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Appropriate.

"Why have you named your airship the Sirloin?"

"I had an idea that would make it go up if anything would."—Chicago Record-Herald.

SUPPOSE.

Suppose your mind a garden were,
All ready for the spring,
And everything you planted there
Would soon be blossoming.

Suppose that evil thoughts were weeds
That rankly grew apace,
And every dream of selfish deeds
Should blossom in disgrace;

While every impulse to be kind,
To ease some other's woes,
Should bud, and blossom in your mind
A fair and fragrant rose.

Suppose that every idle whim,
And every thought of scorn,
Should find its fruitage in a grim
And poison-laden thorn;

While every purpose of uplift
Your soul from sordid ways
Should blossom in a snow-white drift
Of tender lily-sprays.

'Tis surely with no danger fraught
Supposing things like this—
And maybe here's a seed of thought
To flower forth in bliss.

—By John Kendrick Bangs, in Youth's Companion.

What the Snow Told

By ALICE E. ALLEN.

Many jolly things happened that winter up on the farm. But best of all, David and Philip agreed, was the big blizzard.

The storm began at night. The snow came down in sheets. Behind it came the wind, driving it against the windows and heaping it in great drifts around the house. Next morning there were no paths, no roads, and no fences. David and Philip tried one window after another, but all they could see was snow. David thought he could see the wind, there was so much of it everywhere. And, if he could, why of course Philip could too.

When darkness came, everything grew quiet. Through the window near his bed a big bright star winked and blinked straight at David. And another star, almost as big and bright, hurried out and winked and blinked straight at Philip.

Sure enough, next morning the storm was over. And what a changed world David and Philip found outside! A wonderful white world, crisp and crackling with cold, and dazzling with sparkles,—snow-sparkles, sky-sparkles, and air-sparkles.

Old John harnessed Sampson to the big iron kettle and started out to break roads. He walked behind in the track of the kettle, and in the kettle, looking like a couple of mischievous brownies, rode David and Philip.

After that, old John and David and Philip made paths to the barn and the chicken-house. Old John pointed out some clear, sharp tracks in the snow around the chicken-house. "Been a fox 'round," he said. "See how the snow went and told on him?"

"Here's where he leaped the fence, isn't it?" cried David in great excitement. He pointed to a long line of footprints leading, fleet as the wind, over the hill toward the woods. "My—se, wasn't he in a hurry though?"

"Guess he heard old Towser bark down to Brown's farm," said John. "I did."

"So did I," said David.

"'N so did I," said Philip.

"O John, here are some more footprints," called David a minute later. "They look 'most like some of the stitches mother makes in her embroidery."

"Ask the field mouse about 'em," said old John. "She's been out makin' calls on her neighbors, and the snow's told on her. If you could get nearer the woods, you'd see where the gray rabbit's been hoppin' along looking up some breakfast,—the marks of his hind feet ahead of the fore feet every single hop. Maybe the squirrel's been out too. If he has, the snow'll tell about it."

"What lots of stories the snow tells, doesn't it, John?" said David. His eyes were fixed wistfully on the woods, far off, dark, and quiet against the bright sky.

"You'd ought to see a pa'tridge track once," said old John. "That's a track for you!"

"Where could I, John?" asked David, eagerly.

Old John waved his hand in the direction of the woods. "They keep to the woods mostly," he said.

Between mouthfuls of currant jam and bread and butter that night David asked, "Aunt Eunice, how big is a pa'tridge track?"

"Bless the boy," cried Eunice peering at him over her glasses, "How should I know?"

"It's pretty big, I guess," said Philip.

"Dear heart alive!" said Aunt Lois, "I suppose it is. There aren't many partridges about here now."

It wasn't strange that Aunt Lois and Aunt Eunice didn't know much about the footprints of pa'tridges and the woods and all such things. But old John knew. Deep in his heart David thought old John knew about all the things really worth knowing.

Early the next morning David sat up straight in bed. He shook Philip awake. Then he shook him quiet. "Hush," he said, "I don't want to disturb any one, but I'm going out to find a pa'tridge track. It didn't seem quite fair not to give you the chance to go along if you wanted to. Do you?"

Philip was ready as soon as David. Quietly they stole out of the house. The sun was just coming up red as fire beyond the dark woods. As far as the path went, they went in it. When it stopped, they stepped out bravely into the snow. David had brought along old John's snow shovel; it was heavy and awkward. They took turns using it.

And, somehow, they got along until there was only one field more between them and the woods.

David was some distance ahead of Philip; he was using the shovel. About half-way across the field, he stopped short.

There, just in front of him, on top of the snow, crossing the path he was making, was a long line of tracks. David rubbed his snow-blinded eyes and stared at them fascinated. They were such strange tracks. All in one frightened little minute David saw how long they were, how broad, and how, in places, they had cut sharply into the snow. No bird—not even a partridge—could leave such gigantic footprints behind him. Could an animal? And how could such a big animal walk on top of the snow?

Suddenly the whole world, which had been so kind and beautiful, grew strange and lonesome. The woods, which had seemed so far away, looked very near and dark and gloomy. Suppose the animal should decide to come back the way he had gone and should find David standing there, and should see Philip just behind? Philip was a little boy.

Mother said David must always take care of him. David turned about. He ran straight into Philip, knocking him down. He pulled him up. "Hurry, hurry, hurry!" he said in a queer choked little voice. "There's been a dreadful big animal along this way. I guess he was looking for his breakfast. You mustn't be afraid, Philip, but he might be coming back soon now."

Shivering with cold and fright, plunging headlong into the snow, tumbling over each other and the big shovel, David and Philip rushed blindly back the way they had come. At last, shovel and all, they staggered into old John, who had just come out to feed the chickens.

"Sakes alive!" cried old John. He looked as if he had been run into by two big snow-balls. "What's this? Why bless my soul, it's little David and little Philip."

"O John," panted David. That was all he had breath for. And all Philip could gasp was "Oh!"

David caught old John's hand in both his. "There's been a dreadful big animal across the lot over there next to the woods," he said. "It had terrible eyes"—

"And such long fierce teeth," said Philip.

"Sakes alive!" cried old John. "Where did you see it?"

"I didn't see it," said David. "But it's footprints were in the snow."

"It had just been along," said Philip.

"I'll get my gun," said old John. "Could it have been a panther, David?"

"Do panthers have feet a good deal larger than yours, John?" said David. "This animal's feet were twice as long as yours, and twice as broad."

Old John looked in a puzzled way at his feet in their pontiacs.

"They were sort of rounded tracks, John," went on David anxiously. He took a stick and traced in the snow. "They had a kind of little handle at one end—so; and there were queer lines running across them—so."

A look of sudden understanding dawned on old John's face. He threw back his head and laughed till he had to stop to wipe the tears. "Want to know what those tracks were?" he said. "Those were snowshoe tracks; there's a pair hanging up in the shed. After breakfast, you can try 'em. And the animal,"—old John chuckled—"the animal that wore 'em, David, was old Farmer Brown!"—Christian Register.

Kansas Woman Probate Judge.

Governor Hoch has settled the Mitchell county Probate Judge fight by appointing Mrs. Levi Cooper to the job.

Mrs. Cooper is the widow of the late Probate Judge, who died about a week ago. During her husband's life she was deputy Probate Judge and thoroughly understands the work of the office. When Mr. Cooper died, P. G. Chubbic and Cyrus Gaston applied for the place, and each one agreed to leave Mrs. Cooper in as Judge pro tem.

"I got to thinking the matter over," said Governor Hoch, "and decided that if Mrs. Cooper was so valuable in the office there was no reason why she should not be appointed herself. So I have just decided to appoint her and settle the contest that way. So far as I know Mrs. Cooper is the first and only woman Probate Judge in the State."—Topeka State Journal.

Our Trains.

The American Globe Trotter—Talk about traveling. Why, in America trains go so fast that it takes two people to talk about 'em—one to say "Here she comes!" and the other to say, "There she goes!"—Sketch.

IDLE GOLD IN BANKS.

Plan Proposed in English Parliament for Dealing With Unclaimed Millions.

The House of Commons gave a first reading yesterday to Mr. Bottomley's bill to make banks give a return to the State of unclaimed balances and valuables which have been undisturbed in their possession for six years or more and hand them over to the Public Trustee.

"The object," he said, "is to bring into the possession and control of the State the vast amount of wealth which is at present lying dormant and entirely unproductive in the vaults and strong rooms of the various banking institutions of the United Kingdom."

Banks would have to make a return of the money securities, jewelry and plate which had been in their possession unclaimed for six years, and which was the property of persons who had not operated their account during that period. They would also have to account to the State for all old bank notes or other obligations which there was reason to believe had by the affluxion of time become obsolete.

The theory of the bill was that these banks had from various causes, deaths, removals abroad, the extinction of families and the carelessness of testators, accumulated vast sums and had been in the habit every six years of "writing off" these dormant balances.

"There is over a million pounds today," said Mr. Bottomley, "in the shape of unpaid dividends in the possession of the joint stock banks.

"There was a joint stock bank which a few years ago had as a customer an eccentric old lady who had £28,000 in the bank. Once in every year she would drive up to the bank, ask for the manager, draw a check for the entire sum, count the notes, check the interest and then pay it in again and disappear for another twelve months."

For seven years past that lady had not been seen. That £28,000 with its accumulated interest was still lying in the bank. He could give the name of the bank to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Was there a doubt that the old lady had ceased to exist? What about the poor dependents of the old lady who were deprived of the money?

A wealthy personal friend with money on deposit in various banks was killed in a railway accident. The family were now living in absolute want because they were unable to find out where the money was. They had gone from bank to bank and the banks had said they could give no information.

Mr. Bottomley made himself responsible for the statement that there was one private bank in London which admittedly had over two millions of dormant securities.

His bill provided that after a given date the whole of the securities should be handed over to the Department of the Public Trustee. There should be returns every January. The result would be "a surprise to the country and a veritable godsend to the Exchequer."—London Daily Mail.

Queer Lodging Places.

It is surprising to strangers to find Egyptian families occupying some of the tombs which have been excavated and abandoned. It seems uncanny to see babies playing cheerfully about the doors of the tomb houses and to watch chickens running in and out as they do at the mud dwellings. When questioned about the tombs a dragoman said that those occupied as homes had been tombs of ordinary citizens, and were of no value as show places for tourists. As some of them have several rooms extending into the rock, and as they are cool in the hottest days of summer and warm in the cool days of winter, they are altogether desirable as homes. The Egyptians do not share the horror of dead bodies felt by Europeans. Children run about with pieces of mummies, and if they cannot dispose of them to tourists they play with them. A mummified foot or hand is so common in Luxor that one may be purchased for a few cents.—Leslie's Weekly.

Saved Pigeon from Drowning.

While some children were recently feeding the swans at the lake a pigeon alighted quite close to them and one of the boys attempted to capture it, but it flew off over the lake toward a swan and apparently was about to settle on its back, instead of which it closed its wings quite naturally and dropped into the water close in front of the swan and commenced to struggle.

The swan went to assist it, put its head under the water and lifted the drowning pigeon into the air. The latter then made almost a circuit of the lake, eventually resting on the island.—Field.

A big religious revival in New York City this summer will be managed by Rev. David C. Hughes, father of the Governor of New York.